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Remarks
of Hall of Tunbridge Wells
20.V.27.

MORE MISERIES.

MORE MISERIES.

MORE MISERIES!!

ADDRESSED TO

THE MORBID, THE MELANCHOLY, AND THE IRRITABLE.

By SIR FRETFUL MURMUR, Knt.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

"Woes cluster—rare are solitary woes
"They love a train—they tread each other's heel."

London,
Printed by W. Clowes, Kilburn-Street.
FOR H. D. SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
MATHEWS AND LEIGH, 18, STRAND, AND
CROSBY AND CO. STATIONERS-COURT.

1807.

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TO

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

THOSE who know you, as we do superior beings, by their works only, and those who enjoy the happiness of your friendship, will, no doubt, at first, wonder that a book upon *Miseries* should be addressed to the Author of *Broad Grins*, to one whose wit ever brilliant, yet ever amiable, has so often augmented the felicities of life:

but they will immediately perceive how closely you are connected with my *dismal* subject, when they reflect upon the *misery* which you frequently occasion; as the Curtain descends upon your Drama, as they reach the last line of your literary productions, or the hour that is to separate them from your Society. In the name of Misery therefore, I address these pages to you, and remain,

DEAR SIR,

Your crabbed Friend,

F. MURMUR.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I THOUGHT of asking a friend of mine who edited one of the best cookery books in our language to retouch and beautify Sir Fretful Murmur's introductory memoir, and his letters, but as they are intelligible, and moreover as the worthy Knight would not like to appear in patch work, though many of the *pieces were of satin;* I have ventured to lay his effusions before the Public just as I received them from Fen Lodge.

GILES WHIMBLE.

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MEMOIR.

NATURE having made me one of those gossamer, sensitive beings, upon whom the breath of Heaven cannot blow without creating more or less agitation, I amused myself last year with keeping a Diary of Vexations which I at first called *Rencontres Fucheux*, till being fretted into a mortal antipathy against the French I changed that title for *Vexatious Trifles*, intending to produce them one day or another to prove to the world, by what tiny circumstances, the tranquility of an irritable man may be disturbed. I moreover found that to describe

these teasing troubles was to disarm them of their sting, and that one might as quietly contemplate them afterwards as a fine lady might a mouse in a cage, until she wondered that so diminutive an animal could have annoyed her, and resolved that the scratching and midnight rambles of its kindred should alarm her no more in future.

With all these good and right benevolent intentions in my head and heart, I found myself in part delightfully anticipated by "*The "Miseries of Human Life; or, The Groans "of Samuel Sensitive, and Timothy Testy, "with a few Supplementary Sighs from "Mrs. Testy.*" The writer of this whimsical work, has with exquisite power of elucidation delineated many of the disquietudes which I endured, but as some of that description and others which my acquaintances

have suffered remained untold, I thought with my friend Whimble's assistance, that I could send another little Catalogue of Petty Torments into the world, that the morbid, the melancholy, and the irritable may taste the *peculiar felicity* of having in their possession *a full enumeration* of the various causes of those grievances which force us to go groaning on in our pilgrimage through life, in imitation of some persons who always preserve in cotton the extracted tooth, or in a phial the worm which have tormented them.

This is the first time, I ever appeared in print, but with the terror of battalions of Reviewers before me who suffer nothing however trifling, to escape their keen and ardent eye, I have ventured to present my little volume to the Public in a dress completely different from that of my able forerunner in

the *Valley of Tears*, with my name boldly though not proudly affixed to it,

I have one objection however to the work which I have spoken of with so much admiration, viz. to the numerous latin quotations with which it abounds, but which I candidly confess arises in no inconsiderable degree from my having forgotten nearly all the latin which the birch drove into my head, through rather a circuitous passage, when I was at school: in all other respects the *Miseries of Human Life are enviable.*

The troubles of our earthly pilgrimage may be divided into three classes

Imaginary Miseries
Minor Miseries
and
Mighty Miseries.

The first are produced by brains sufficiently distempered to cherish such shadowy evils without playing off any other eccentricity: they make the rich man think that want and famine are about to seize him, and the vigorous man that he is the victim of more than half the diseases enumerated in the Family Physician. As these miseries supply the want of substantial affliction, they cannot be too forcibly recommended to those who are blessed with so much felicity that they would be puzzled to create a wish which cannot be gratified. Shakespeare whose chequered life enabled him experimentally to characterize this sort of visitation describes it to be

——"False Sorrow's eye
which for things true weeps things imaginary"

These vissionary fiends though viewless as the winds are frequently as mischievous, and aided by a *green metropolitan* fog, and a north easter in November, are the very best friends that Suicide can call her own. Under their inspiring influence, a female friend of mine in the enjoyment of a pretty, and healthy person, and about two thousand per annum, took to solitary *cabinet bibbing* until mounted upon the curling vapour of cherry brandy and ratifia, her gentle spirit evaporated into thin air; and a fine dashing fellow whom I have frequently met in society of which he was the soul, at the age of thirty, rich, vigorous, and for ever laughing, left upon his table a note addressed to me, declaring that the only reason which had induced him to place the muzzle of a pistol to his head was that he was completely tired

of the intolerable repetition of putting his breeches on every day.

In the fashionable world, these evils frequently deaden the lustre of the most brilliant candelabra, whilst those who tread the paths of rural humility are too industrious to be unhealthy, and have not time to be unhappy. However if I possessed the power of expelling those evils, family considerations would induce me to forbear: I have a first cousin who is a fashionable physician in high practice whose pocket *imaginary evil fills* with *substantial good*.

With respect to *Minor Miseries*, what they want in size they make up in number and variety. We may escape the pressure of gigantic evil, and never feel an imaginary one, but even the Child of Fortune, and an

angel in temper cannot elude those *musquito vexations* which just *curl* without agitating our tranquillity, and which like the Lilliputian arrows that in showers, made Gulliver roar with anguish, affect us by quick succession in close column, when singly they are perfectly harmless. Such are the miseries contained in the following pages, amongst which I have interspersed some whimsical facts, not so generally felt.

The huge calamities of life require no illustration—may no reader of mine be ever brushed by the tail of their storm.

This essay, the first I ever wrote, being over, I shall conclude by giving a very brief account of myself.

My father and mother, weak as hot-

house plants, died in the prime of life of declines, leaving five children, (having had eight) of whom I and Dorothea were left the shivering survivors, they dropping off in consumptions, generally preceded by the rupture of blood vessels. The founders of Rome were nourished by a wolf, and I owed my preservation to the milk of a she ass, which to this hour makes me reverence the long eared race with almost filial affection.

I remember (always having a singular facility or rather genius for weeping,) that upon the death of a brother when I was ten years old, I wept so copiously, that my mother was quite charmed with me, praised me very much for it, and turning round to a sister who was one year younger than myself, who was amusing herself with her doll, said "There," Fanny, "look at your Brother Fretful, see

how he cries, and you have not shed one tear." Upon which I roared more bitterly, and received a large piece of plumb cake, for the drops I shed upon the occasion.

We had a cross French valet, who at the age of fourteen taught me the following Song,

Chacun se fait des plaisirs a sa mode,
Et selon son temperament:
Pourmoi, qui suis chagrin, et que tout incommode,
Je prens mon divertissment,
A gronder tant que le jour dure
Sans pouvoir, je le jure,
M'imaginer comment,
Aucun se peut divertir autrument.

It is the mind's peculiar hue,
That tints the pleasure we pursue,

To sad chagrin a prey,
I find supreme delight
In scolding, and in spite,
And from my soul I cannot tell
How time can e'er be pass'd so well,
In any other way.

At twenty I went upon the continent, where I found abundant sources for discontent in bad inns, bad roads, carriages without springs, and meat done to rags. Upon my return to England I took chambers in the Temple, where my spleen only encreased—every thing fidgetted me; in my time, it was the rage to give fine names to common children, and I remember quitting a coffee-house in disgust, because I overheard the Host exclaim. "Anna Maria, don't you hear the pot is "boiling over." Then the pomp and folly

of funerals. Although the wife of a butcher abhorred her husband mortally, yet the moment the breath was out of his body, "the "poor dear soul must have a handsome "funeral, a velvet pall, with brass handles "and hinges to the coffin, a tombstone and "a *latin* epitaph." Then the rage for virtu! and the enormous sums paid for monsters of every denomination, dried, stuffed, and floating in spirits, then the public nuisances of the metropolis, carts delivering or taking in loads in narrow streets, and ladies cultivating the science of botany by means of pots set on the leads two or three stories high, which in windy weather were frequently blown down, then to see tradesmen in the City clumsily imitating their superiors at the west end of the town, then the number of beggars swarming in the streets with borrowed or stolen children, with a

long etcetera, which soon drove me to my old family mansion, which I determined to reside in wholly for the future, but here a thousand vexations pursued me, for here the neighbouring fens frequently produced the ague, and Dorothea growing old and cross because she grew old, worried me to fiddle strings, for she never ceased scolding the maids but when she was collecting eggs, feeding the turkies, or assisting at the lying-ins, that happened in the parish.

In time I gained a little strength, sufficient to fill, which I did with infinite disgust, the magisterial chair of our corporation, and upon presenting a congratulatory address to the throne, received the honour of knighthood. Since which time I have rarely moved but to encounter something to wound my over sensitive feelings.

If however my irritable reader derives the same comfort from the perusal of my Supplemental Miseries, as I have done from the Miseries of Human Life, then *will these sheets be like flowers in the chamber of sickness that inhale the unwholesome air and breathe it out again with refreshing purity.*

F. MURMUR.

Fen Lodge,
1st November, 1806.

MORE MISERIES, &c.

LETTER I.

Fen-Lodge.

MY DEAR WHIMBLE,

YOU should have received my first Budget of MORE MISERIES earlier, but for a violent attack of the Ague. As often as I thought myself a little better, and sat up to copy them from my memory, a shivering fit came on, and shook the pen out of my hand. I am now, thank Heaven and the Doctor out again. My sister Dorothea sends her compliments—we celebrated her fiftieth year yesterday; she talks of speedily changing her condition. I shall not be sorry for it, for between ourselves, she is not a *misery to laugh at.*

Yours ever,

F. MURMUR.

Sitting to have your teeth filed.

Residing between a Stone-cutter's and an Undertaker's.

Wearing false tops to your half-boots and observing that one of them has slided down, just as a party of dashing women are passing by.

Being obliged to press very hard a very damp, or what is called a *puggy* hand.

After a violent attack of the ague, assisting a very short fat lady over a very high stile, the steps having been that morning stolen.

Being obliged to hear a very dull old proser relate a very long story, principally relating to himself and his own family.

The following misery I well remember occurring to a very particular and very vain friend of mine—its whimsicality will be an apology for its length.

Sending to the Morning Post, a paragraph written by *yourself*, announcing the arrival of yourself and family in town, in the following words; "Yes-
" terday Mr. and the *charming* Mrs. F.
" and their three *lovely* and *accomplish-*
" *ed* daughters arrived at their town
" house in Burlington Street, from

"Moss Hall in Kent, which beautiful "retreat, has undergone some very de- "lightful alterations from the exqui- "site designs of Mrs. F, whose un- "rivalled taste is the theme of admi- "ration amongst all her numerous "fashionable friends and acquaint- "ance." Meeting three days after the appearance of the paragraph an acquaintance, who informs you to your great gratification that he had read the arrival: then upon your modestly observing thereon, that "it is a singular "thing, that one cannot move with- "out being watched by these con- "founded Newspaper writers, and "that it is really wonderful how "they can get the intelligence they

"publish." Your friend laughing in your face, and telling you that he was in the Newspaper Office to get a puff for a friend of his inserted at the time, when your servant came in with and paid for the paragraph you mentioned, which lying on the counter he perused and recognised to be in *your own hand writing*.

Being requested by a foreigner who understands very little of the English language, to hear him read Milton.

In consequence of losing all your money at cards in the evening, having none to give the servants the next morning, when you are quitting a

house, where you are not very intimate, reconciling yourself to the shabbiness of the dilemma by feeling satisfied, that you shall never enter the doors again; being obliged on account of particular business to visit it a fortnight afterwards, and finding that the only attention the servants pay you, is to throw some soup *accidentally* over your best coat.

Haggling with a surly hackney-coachman for sixpence, and after he has driven off about a quarter of an hour, recollecting that you have left a new umbrella in his coach.

Giving a commission to a painter,

leaving it to him to chuse the subject, and when the picture is sent home, wishing that he had selected any other, than that chosen.

All your acquaintance telling you, that a portrait which you are aware is *rather flattering*, is not at all like you.

Ordering a tumbler of warm brandy and water at an inn, upon putting your lips to it, finding it boiling hot, the coachman swearing that he can stay only one minute longer, after blowing the surface a hundred times, almost consuming your inside by

the boiling draught---all this to prevent being sick.

Diffidently entering a full room, every chair occupied, and no one standing to keep you company.

A friend of mine a young Barrister experienced the following misery

Not having paid your devotions very ardently to Coke upon Littleton, and particularly having neglected "the whole law relative to the duty "and office of a justice of the peace," being asked at dinner before a large party, by a country magistrate, your opinion upon a plain settlement point,

which has bewildered him; giving a wrong one, and confounded by being, in a knowing and officious manner, set right by a rip of a petty-fogging country attorney; who was honoured by an invitation to the same table.

Expecting a remittance, and receiving a stupid set of anonymous verses by the post.

Upon your return to England, receiving per post a long letter, written to you whilst on the continent by your servant, informing you who called, &c. Which arriving after you had quitted the place to which it was directed, is forwarded to you in a fresh

cover, a week after your return, and for which you pay a monstrous postage.

Writing upon a thin sheet of paper, very small crumbs of bread under it.

Dropping and leaving the address of a fair frail friend in the room of the lady to whom you are paying your addresses.

Calling on a sultry day upon a friend who has the mania for planting upon him; who after marching and counter-marching you three or four miles to see his plantations, irresistibly presses you to ascend a considerable eminence of ground, about half

a mile off, to see a couple of Weymouth pines which he planted on the day when his first child was born.

When a boy, scratching and staining your hands in endeavouring to get blackberries out of reach.

On a sultry day, putting your hand into your breeches pocket, in withdrawing the former, turning the latter inside out, and seeing a guinea roll to and vanish through a chink in the floor.

At breakfast, honey dropping through the apertures of your bread, and over the sides, upon your fingers,

before you have half covered the surface.

Upon the continent having a companion, who does not understand a word of the language spoken, every moment asking you to translate what any foreigner may be saying to you, before he has finished.

Shooting London Bridge with weak nerves, several ladies of the party.

Going to dine, rather behind your time in a new coat, passing under a lamp-iron whilst a lamplighter is trimming a lamp, and being lubricated by a considerable portion of his filthy oil.

Singing at a tavern, being frequently interrupted by a waiter entering, and exciting considerable indignation, by so doing in the company, also by the clock striking the *longest hour*, ditto by one of the party (having no ear for music,) cracking a walnut, &c. &c.

Explaining to your servant, who is any thing but a mechanic, how easy it is to set a steel rat-trap, and just as you have said to him, There, now, "you see the least thing in the world "will set it off!" you prove to him the truth of the assertion, by its unexpectedly embracing your own thumb.

Drying a long letter by the fire, holding it negligently in one hand behind you whilst you are conversing with a friend in the room, turning round and perceiving it to be in flames.

Being persecuted by a female beggar along several streets, and in spite of a determination to give her nothing, being obliged to give her sixpence, having no halfpence, to get rid of her.

Reading a very interesting book by a small green wax taper, which is in want of constant elevation.

Sitting opposite to a man who

squints, and answering him when he is addressing another person.

Hearing the monotonous scream of parish boys and girls, singing an anthem.

Carelessly stooping to blow your nose, coming in contact with a porter, carrying a high and heavy box on his knot, as you rise and recede, tilting said box over.

Attending three country cousins to the Opera, who after staring about them as if they had just come out of a convent, constantly and audibly ask you, who such and such a person is

with a star, at the same time, to prevent all possibility of your mistaking the object, directing their finger towards him.

Hearing a lovely young woman, whose good opinion you wish to conciliate, speak in raptures of a trinket which she has seen at a jeweller's, purchasing it for an exorbitant price, presenting it to her in an awkward way, and being mortified by a polite but firm refusal.

Having a pimple on your chin, covering it with sticking plaister, and just as you enter the drawing room, discovering that it curls on all sides.

Walking down a very long street, with a head-ache, in the wake of a dustman's cart, the dustman constantly announcing his approach by the clapper of a singularly shrill bell.

After sporting with a most enchanting creature's fan just before the close of a ball, putting it in your pocket, meaning to keep it as a little trophy; receiving a message from her the next morning by her maid servant, requesting you will return it.

Being prevailed upon by your friend to accompany him to a dinner party to which you have *not* been invited, and upon your introduction to the

lady of the house, she expresses her regret that her dining room is so *small*, and immediately afterwards obliquely observes with a freezing *but*, that she can manage very well, as her brother can sit at a side table.

Being bored by a man whom you do not like, to dine with him, and being nailed by his begging you to fix your own day.

After the battle of the Helder or Seringapatam, at which you were not present, walking up and down Bond Street with your *sound arm in a sling*, overhearing that you are smoaked by some dashing fashionables, as they pass you.

Being invited to a wedding dinner, when you have just discovered the inconstancy of your wife.

Having a boy trundle his hoop against your legs, in which you get entangled, said hoop having divers and sundry bits of musical tin fastened to it---clean silk stockings---

LETTER II.

Fen-Lodge.

MY DEAR WHIMBLE,

DOROTHEA, is still single, and I in consequence still very uncomfortable. She has had a violent dispute with Mr. Debit, a gentleman well known at the Stock Exchange, to whom she was betrothed, in consequence of his asserting that war to us, as a commercial state, was a national blessing, she maintaining on the contrary, that it was so extensive an evil, that she could prove by her diary, that even turkies do not lay the same number of eggs in war as they do in times of political amity.

Mr. Debit has set out for London in a tiff, no doubt, thinking that although war is unquestionably very delightful *abroad*, it is far otherwise at *home*. What I believe has more violently fermented the quarrel is, that in the midst of the argument, Pincher, Mr. Debit's terrier, bit sister's favourite Fiddy, whose breath used to annoy you so, of which bite she died this morning. All these vexations, and the increasing fidgets of Dorothea, are the reasons of my not having sent you MORE MISERIES on the third day after I received your esteemed favour.

Yours ever,

F. MURMUR.

In sharply turning a corner, coming suddenly in contact with a chimney-sweeper, who impresses your white waistcoat and light coloured breeches with very visible memorials of the rencontre.

Passing in London under a *gallipot garden*, which you had not observed, projecting from a window, just at the moment when its rural mistress is watering her half withered swarthy sweet peas and myrtles, the mold hard, and the water running over into the street.

When a boy---being asked if you will have any more mince pye,

blushingly saying no, and immediately afterwards wishing the mortifying negative at the devil.

During a fracas in the street, between two blackguards, praising the superior prowess and skill of one of them in the hearing of a man who is the friend of the party at whose expence this compliment is paid, and who begins to defend his friend in such language, and with such gesticulations, that you deem it most adviseable to retreat, with infinite caution and address, from the scene of action.

A very thin house at Drury Lane.

Living in chambers under a man who takes private lessons in dancing.

Receiving a *bountiful splash* upon your face and neckcloth, from a wheel of a heavily laden cart, suddenly dropping into a puddle of mud water in a narrow street, and being followed by an audacious little butcher's boy, who constantly keeps a little before you, every now and then looking up and grinning in your face.

Finding a man growing warm with you on some very private and delicate family topic in a coffee-room, where you observe every one is listening and smiling.

As you are walking with two ladies, being followed by a drunken sailor and his trull, both talking very loudly and indecently, your endeavours by a quick step and rapid observation, to prevent the ladies from hearing.

Passing Millbank at low water with a party of ladies, between groups of bathers, some in the water, and some standing or sitting upon floats of timber.

Condemned to sit in a room where a piano forte is tuning.

Sitting at dinner next to a man of consequence with whom you wish to

ingratiate yourself, being told that he has superstitious horror of the salt being spilt, and from excess of caution sending the contents of the salt-cellar into his plate.

Walking arm in arm with a man of fashion to whom you have been recently introduced, and meeting a vulgar acquaintance.

Quitting your friend's arm for a moment, who walks on whilst you speak a few words on a very important subject to a person whom you meet, upon leaving him seizing the arm of a stranger for that of your friend.

When in the act of eating with an excellent appetite, or in the middle of a very interesting conversation, having your health drank and pertinaciously repeated until you are made to hear and thank your tormentor.

Seeing a cow skip and frisk, and affect the graces.

Passing over a brown bladeless common.

To be obliged to listen to a sharp savage old maid, whilst she relates the scandal of the village, you not being acquainted with any creature in it, except the narratrix.

Returning from a rural walk, being obliged to go through a lane, under the lee of heaps of burning weeds.

Passing a narrow passage fresh painted.

Forced by politeness to quit a comfortable party to attend a cross old maid to her lodgings at the distance of two miles.

Putting coals on fire, the handle of coal-skuttle being dirty-----New gloves on.

The sensations of a crabbed, disappointed, hatched-faced, skinny-lipped

spinster, hovering upon the *frontier of despair*, upon seeing a group of blooming, lovely and elegant young women enter the room.

Whilst you are making a sketch, having a number of impertinent persons staring behind you, until the crowd increases to that degree that you are obliged to abandon your subject.

Wishing to wake early to be in time for a morning coach, waking, and upon looking at your watch discovering that you had not wound it up.

Being interrogated by an irritable author respecting a quarto work, a copy of which he presented you six months before, and by your answers satisfying him, though you wish to conceal it, that you have not read one word of it.

Attending private theatricals, where the gentlemen performers always press near the prompter's side, always hurry over passages in order to catch every word before it slips from the memory, one performer not giving the cue word, or giving it, not remembered by the other who plays with him, standing like posts when they have nothing to say, and when moving using their

legs and arms as if they had been just bestowed upon them.

In chambers, having only one room with a fire place, the throat of the chimney perpetually disgorging large volumes of smoke, the blacks falling about you as thick as snow, until your eyes are sore, opening the doors and windows and perishing with cold in the front of an immense fire---a large party to dine with you, and one of them much affected with an asthma.

Asking a lady to permit you to look at a beautiful string of very small pearls, breaking it in two, scattering

them over the floor, and crushing several under your feet in endeavouring to collect them.

Moistening the only wafer in the house so long in your mouth, that upon taking it out you find it like a bit of rotten pear.

In endeavouring to fold a letter up very neatly, splitting the corners with your ivory knife.

Striking your foot against another step after you had concluded that you had reached the top of the stairs.

Upon a journey, having made some important memorandums in your pocket book, with a soft pencil, and finding every letter rendered illegible, ---memory bad.

Breaking your spectacles a considerable distance from any town.

Arriving in the winter, at the Gloucester Coffee-House in the western mail at six o'clock of a cold drizzly morning, and finding the only servant up engaged in scouring the back parlour, into which you are shewn.

Being asked to dine with an author, and after dinner his pulling out a

long manuscript and reading until you must inevitable fall asleep, were you not constantly kept on the qui vive, by his asking you how you like this passage, and how that.

LETTER III.

Fen-Lodge.

I am glad to find by your letter, my dear Whimble, that you like my miseries. Vexations *described,* and vexations *felt* are very different, so much so, that I can now even laugh whilst I pourtray many of those grievances, which I endured, and without a smile, I assure you. In addition to the miseries which I send you, as I know you like whimsical things, laugh if you like at the following anecdote which occurred yesterday, in exercising our volunteers ; by the bye, I ought to preface it by observing, that I admire the volunteer system, as much as any man, though in my poor opinion,

your great men at St. Stephen's made a sad blunder in permitting a volunteer to hold any rank *but* in his own particular description of service. Now for the anecdote—In the absence of the Captain of our volunteers, the Lieutenant, a respectable farmer, had the command of the company; this worthy Officer, wanting to halt his men, who were marching in a most irregular manner, could not recollect the word "halt," in this dilemma, he cried out, "wooee, wooee, woo, wooee, my boys" when the whole body immediately halted. Dorothea seems more composed: she has not yet heard from Mr. Debit, but if I know any thing of human nature she speedily will,

Ever yours,

F. MURMUR.

Toasting a bit of bread at the end of a short dessert fork, before a good brisk fire, and burning the ends of your fingers without being able to toast it to your liking.

Being surrounded by a parcel of spoiled, squalling brats, 'till you are almost induced to think favourably of Herod.

Attending ladies on a shopping excursion,

Stepping out of a boat at low water in pumps, well-dressed, upon a stone which slides under you and you descend ankle deep in mud.

Rubbing the back of your hand by mistake against the lithefying gum of a plumb-tree.

At a game at forfeits saluting a pretty-looking girl, and finding that her teeth are not of *aromatic pearl*.

A fine overture playing, and a noisy audience,

The miseries, in the shape of mistakes, which two persons of the same name, residing within four doors of each other, experience.

In a cold night, long legs, and a short camp bed.

In frosty weather descending a piece of ground here and there covered with thin hard ice, slipping down, in falling, laying hold of the ancle of a prudish elderly spinster with whom you are walking, and drawing her after you.

A female pun.

Sleeping over your wine, gradually driving your glass to the edge of the table, and then, by another *somnolent* movement, throwing it over a new pair of leathers.

Wearing flannel drawers and waistcoat for the first time.

Climbing a cherry-tree to gratify a young lady, and splitting your small clothes, just as you are *gracefully stretching* to drop two beautiful white hearts into her handkerchief, which she holds below.

Having succeeded in fixing yourself in a most seducing and graceful attitude, letting your cocked hat fall.

Making several memorandum knots in your handkerchief, and forgetting the important cause of every one of them.

Knocking at a door, and by a horrible and unaccountable lapse of me-

mory, forgetting the name of the master or the mistress of the house.

Having made a trip to Paris, during the short peace, being bored to death by every soul you meet with, to describe Bonaparte.

A collector of natural curiosities worrying you with a description of his invaluable tortoise-shell boar cat, his kitten with three eyes, his pig with one ear, &c. &c.

Being conducted by an enthusiastic agriculturist round an extensive farm, having no taste whatever for the breeding of sheep, fattening pigs, new in-

vented draining and threshing machines, &c. &c.

Being seized with a violent bowel complaint, whilst you are riding on horseback with two young ladies, to one of whom you are paying your addresses, being obliged to alight in great confusion, telling your fair companions, that there is an exquisite bit of scenery round a hedge, which they have just passed, and which you should like very much to sketch, assuring them that you will return in five minutes, and remembering afterwards that it was well known you never drew in your life.

Being required by a garrulous old lady, to know where she left off in a long story, which she was relating to you, she having been interrupted in the middle of it by the servant delivering a message to her, not being able to inform her, in consequence of not having attended to one word that she had been saying.

Hearing that a young lady to whom you are ardently attached, and who you flattered yourself regarded you favourably, is displaying uncommon vivacity and spirits, at a distant watering place, and that she is every where much admired.

In the Volunteers---being short and fat, cased in *fleecy hosiery*, at the instance of your fond wife, to guard against the effect of sudden showers, having the command of a small attacking party of light infantry at a sham fight, and encountering stiles, gates, hedges and at least ten thousand sharp stubs and stumps in the course of your evolutions---day very sultry.

Passing with a shy horse in a gig in a narrow part of the Strand, the paviors repairing a broken water pipe on one side of you, and a long heavily laden coal cart approaching you on the other, the driver talking to a friend a little way behind, in this

dilemma affecting to look cool and collected, with dismay in your soul, and the perspiration starting from every pore.

Having just composed yourself to take a nap on your sofa, eternally tormented by two flies, in the middle of October whom you could almost swear to, but cannot catch, and who judiciously prefer alighting and washing their hands and faces on your nose and forehead, to regaling on an adjoining saucer full of sweet poison.

After keeping within doors three days, from horrible nervous dislike to an east wind, which by the weather-

cock fronting your chamber, appeared to have been blowing during that period, to be told by a wag that he had fastened the vane due east, whilst it had been blowing *due west* all the time.

Shooting Chelsea Bridge in a sailing boat, and not lowering the mast in time, which is broken by the rencontre, the vessel lying like a log in the water, yourself exposed to the laugh of spectators on the bridge above, and the criticising derision of the watermen below,

Tempted by a fine summer evening to take *an easy* row on the water, and on your endeavours to display your

skill in feathering your oar, as a party passes by, losing one of your sculls, which being lighter, goes faster than the boat, and being perplexed by a mob of modes pointed out by the persons who observe your distress for recovery of said scull.

Entering upon any of the bridges of London, or any of the passages leading to the Thames, being assailed by a group of watermen, holding up their hands and bawling out, "Oars, Sir, "Sculls, Sir, Sculls, Sir, Oars, Sir."

Upon paying the first visit after the funeral of a relation, a distant cousin for instance, to the immediate

friends of the deceased, finding them all in tears and from some unaccountable counteraction of nature, not being able to look grave upon the occasion.

Having so flaccid a cheek that the parish barber who shaves you, is obliged to introduce his thumb into your mouth to give it a proper projection; cutting his thumb in this position, with the razor.

Dreaming that you have wings and waking with a fit of the gout.

Handing round, when a child, a plate of plumb cake, and seeing the last bit left, on which you had fixed

your eye and heart, taken by one of the party.

To be the child of a wet nurse, and sent to share with another infant, a nipple strongly impregnated with geneva, sky-blue, and other nutritious liquors.

Going to the Theatre on a very crowded night, waiting an hour in the pit passage half jammed to death, receiving a dreadful kick on the ankle in making a desperate effort to stoop down to rub it, finding your hand in the coat pocket of the man who stands opposite to you, and gradually withdrawing it with indescribable horror,

so as just to escape being taken up for a pick-pocket.

Travelling in a mail-coach one hundred and eighty miles, and all the way having your nose offended by the most horrible stench, which each of the passengers thinks proceeds from his neighbour, and upon arriving at the Swan with Two Necks, Lad-Lane, discovering that the *mauvaise odeur* issued from a putrid hare in one of the seats, which owing to the carelessness of the guard has been permitted to perform two journies to town.

A long dead calm at sea in a Dutch gallios, during a short passage, bad-

accommodations and provisions nearly exhausted.

Being tormented by a flea during a visit crawling up and down your leg under the boot, so that your fingers can administer no relief.

In a party being suddenly overwhelmed with a disposition to sleep, nodding every now and then, and giving an answer to a question put by a person who does not perceive that you are between sleeping and waking which you fear may have no connection with the question.

A favourite dog in the mange.

Ditto ineffectually rousing yourself and endeavouring by random comments upon those shattered portions of the conversation which you have heard, to make it appear that you have been as attentive as the rest of the party.

Sleeping in a dark room, in a dark night, in a strange house, and after being kept awake by the most mysterious sounds for three hours, at length beginning to be satisfied that they proceed from an unusually active mouse.

LETTER IV.

Fen-Lodge.

DEAR WHIMBLE,

YOU made me smile at the account of your interview with Lord D——. His Lordship is certainly not one of the wise men of the east; the repetition of his silly question which you had previously answered, reminds me of the story of a princess who asked a lady who was presented to her, how many children she had, to which she replied, three; about a quarter of an hour afterward, the princess met her again, and not knowing what to say, put the same question to her, to which she answered "that not having lain in "since her highness had asked her the same "question she had *still* only three children."

Debit has made the first advances to a reconciliation, so I hope all things will go on smoothly, notwithstanding the *war*. I have the happiness of sending you some more miseries, and remain,

Ever yours,

F. MURMUR.

Having lost your way, being in great haste, and asking a stuttering family to direct you to the place of your destination.

The wife of a clerk in a public office at a low salary, producing twins once a year.

Being asked by an absent man to dinner, and upon your arriving at his house finding him just set off for the country.

A melancholy man dying of the hip seeing a hearse draw up and stop before his door.---P. S. The coachman gone to the public house, so that there is no possibility of removing it.

In repeating some verses with uncommon animation and emphasis, to a party on the water, tipping over the side of the boat, and being taken up, after a most mortifying ducking.

Hearing ladies talk politics.

Having a long back, and discovering that the irons which fasten the back of the seat in a boat, are disordered and useless.

Having your portrait finely painted in crayons, spoiled by your favourite Newfoundland dog, who struck with the resemblance, begins licking it, whilst the servant is cleaning the glass and frame.

Crossing a yard, and unexpectedly finding yourself within the extent of the chain of a large surly house-dog, affecting boldly to look him in the face, and in an agony of horror, gradually stealing away from him.

Being squeezed in a crowd, and having a little dwarf with red hair, jammed up against you, immediately under your nose.

Trying to pass a man who waddles.

Soon after you have comfortably seated yourself in the drawing room of a fashionable family in the country, where you are to sleep for the night, having your comb and night-cap taken out of your pocket and laid on the floor, by a pert, spoiled, impudent child, and finding the room in a titter at your expence.

Nineteen prologues out of twenty.

Being obliged to attend a very *absent* man to a party of *prudish* ladies, and being fearful that every moment he will bolt out or do something highly indecorous.

Having a refusal to an offer of marriage sent by an inquisitive maid servant, before the *wafer is dry.*

Opening and shutting a drawer which has swelled by the damp.

Being obliged to hear a stupid fellow boggle at a speech after dinner, upon being informed that his health has been drank, during his absence from the room.

Receiving an insipid answer to a letter from a very absent man, who in his forgetfulness has folded up four sheets of paper instead of one, and for which you have the happiness of paying a heavy additional postage.

Hastily saluting a lady, and afterwards discovering that she has an unroselike breath.

Adjusting long unsettled accounts with a peevish partner, or an ignorant and suspicious tradesman.

Endeavouring to make violent love under the table, and pressing the wrong foot.

Plunging for a rhyme to a good line and after many desperate efforts, being obliged to tag another, which either contains the same sentiments which breathes in the first, or one which has no affinity to your subject.

Hearing an ode of your own composition, which you think pregnant with pindaric fire and sublimity, called "pretty."

Sending your hunter over night to cover, twenty miles off, riding your hack and to the anxious enquiry as to the state of the former's condition, you groom informs you that he is *dead lame*

Being prevented from enjoying a days shooting, by unfortunately tumbling into a wet ditch, covering yourself with mud, and filling your gun with water.

Finding yourself sleepy, and being requested by the lady of the house, your particular friend, with whom you may make free, to take a nap: having comfortably composed yourself on a sofa, a waggish visitor with whom you are not sufficiently acquainted to authorize such a liberty, but whom you have seen too often to quarrel with on account of it, amusing himself and the party present, by tickling your nostrils with a piece of

paper rolled up to a point, awaking, hoping that he will not repeat it, sleeping again, and finding the torment repeated.

Dining with an avaricious fellow who has no idea of the comforts of a cheerful glass and conversation after dinner, or is unwilling to encourage them, being asked by him whether you will take a glass of wine or a walk.

At a coffee house, changing the newspaper of the day with a gentleman, which you have read about one third through, for one which you think is a new one, and finding it the paper of yesterday.

Being obliged to surrender a newspaper which you have just began to read, to another, whose prerogative to the first perusal of it, you cannot dispute.

Expecting to read great news, receiving your newspaper quite wet from the press, the fire being just lighted.

In the midst of a merry story being suddenly forced to weep by the sudden operation of an excessive portion of patent and potent mustard.

A door slowly turning upon a creaking hinge.

Opening a very stiff box filled with small wafers, and spilling them all over the room.

Sitting down in the dusk in a chair much shorter than you expected it to be.

In attempting to quit a house in London on a Saturday evening, breaking your shins against a pail, and receiving the pole of a mop in your mouth.

Swallowing a piece of crust the *wrong way*—several ladies present.

Sitting down to dinner with a three pronged fork, each prong being of a different length.

LETTER V.

Fen-Lodge.

CONGRATULATE me, my dear Whimble! Dorothea is at length Mrs. Debit. I, who mortally detest all pomp and shew, was obliged to attend *en gala*, to give away the bride, who was preceded by six poor little girls, who are cloathed and educated at her expense, strewing flowers before her all the way. She was attired in the Brussels lace and jewels of our worthy mother and grandmother, wore a wreath of jessamine round her head, and looked like the *Dowager Goddess* of May. Her silly appearance really made me splenetic—What a day we had!—I thought I should have gone distracted with the jangling of our two old crazy bells, the third having been sold ten years since to

enable the parish to purchase a clock—All was noise and confusion—Even the cats wore bridal favours. Heavens! be praised, the happy pair are gone to your noisy city, and leave me in tranquillity sufficient to send you a few more delectable miseries.

Ever yours

F. MURMUR.

Being overpersuaded to stand up in a country dance, when you know, or what is equally bad, conceive that a bear would eclipse you in grace and agility.

Relating a story to a fellow whose apprehension is so slow, that in the

middle of a melancholy story, he begins laughing at a merry one which you told him half an hour before.

Being awakened out of a sound sleep in the dead of a cold, frosty, blowing night, in a mail coach, on the weather side, by the agreeable address of "Sir, "please to remember the guard, I go "no farther with you, Sir."

Relating a story very much to the credit of the hero of the piece, when a person very drily observes, that if it had not been for the name, he should have suspected that you were the very person; all the company showing (and with great justice) that they think so too.

Mis-directing your letter to a man whom you have quizzed in it most confoundedly.

Riding in a full coach twenty miles to dinner, for want of which you are faint and exhausted, wishing to lean back, but not daring to do so, on account of the back of the seat being begrimmed with clots of powder and pomatum, you wearing no powder.

Sending a challenge, requesting a timid friend to attend you to the field, who you think will not fail to acquaint the magistrate of it; going with horror to the appointed spot, anxiously looking round every step to see if the

Bow-street officers are approaching, without seeing a soul but your antagonist and the seconds.

Hastening in the gout to an election which it is supposed will last only a short time, the wheel of your carriage damaged so that you cannot proceed, at a great distance from any wheelwright.

Toasting a bit of cheese, and when it is more than half done, letting it fall into the ashes.

Going to the Theatre to see some distinguished play and performer, having places kept; but owing to some

of the party not being ready in time, entering your box just as the first act is over, and observing the last bustle of a number of persons who have just descended into your front seats, and are smirking and smiling to think themselves so very fortunate.

Carving for a large party with a blunt carving knife.

Being the first subject which a raw young surgeon's apprentice is permitted to try his professional skill and knowledge upon.

Having a bill sent in, which you thought had been long since paid.

Being shaved on the Cornish coast, in the pilchard season, by the parish barber, who embraces your nose with a thumb and finger stinking of said fish.

At school, having pilfered a duck for supper, discovered by the half strangled bird quacking in your pocket, just as one of the masters passes by, and upon being taken up to be flogged, hearing two or three purloined eggs fall from your breeches pocket after the first stroke of the rod.

Walking in a dark night, without lamp, or lanthorn, upon unequal ground.

Being requested to say something to entertain the party.

Compelled by politeness when you are upon a visit at a house, to dance two dances with each of half a dozen ladies belonging to it, at the assize ball, all of whom are either ugly, lame, or insipid, and having no opportunity all the evening of going down one dance with a lovely young lady to whom you are tenderly attached.

Sitting for your portrait to a subordinate painter who renders the likeness with such exasperating exactness, that every pimple, blotch and blemish in the face are faithfully represented.

Having long supporters and sitting opposite to a prudish old maid in a mail coach on a long journey, who refuses to open her legs to admit yours, which are tingling in every toe with the agony of compression.

Being invited to meet a party of literary men, from whom you expect much pleasure, upon your arrival finding them all at cards, and the only person unoccupied, a boisterous country gentleman, who can talk of nothing but hounds and horses, and thinks he shows his good breeding by perpetually speaking to you.

Being incessantly pestered to eat

more, after you have made a hearty dinner.

In the country, going to a party to dinner, getting very tipsy, quitting the house in a dark night, and getting upon your horse with your face towards the tail, and wondering during the few minutes that you are able to keep your seat, amongst the jeers of your companions, what freak can have entered the brain of the beast to go backwards.

Sleeping at an inn, giving your *right* and *left-legged* boots to be cleaned, and when you are awaked in the morning and told that the mail is

just setting off, calling for your boots, and having two left-legged boots brought up, swearing until you glow, at that distinguished personage called Boots, who after a long search is unable to find the right boot, and in consequence, being obliged to hop into the coach with one left boot, and a filthy slipper on, and another left boot in your hand.

Ditto the equally unpleasant situation of the person to whom the strange boot you carry away belongs, who after you are gone, finds himself in the possession of two boots, which will only fit his right leg.

You may remember my telling the following story when I returned from France—it happened to my companion, and I dare say has happened to others, I have therefore recorded it as a misery.

Having escaped from a French prison, with a false passport, travelling through France, without knowing the language, with a companion in your flight who speaks it fluently, halting at an inn on account of his being taken very ill, and being obliged to feign sickness and to keep to your bed as long as he does, because if you move out, without him, or attempt to speak, you are sure of being discovered.

The misery of one of the *learned*

exhibitors of the British Museum, displaying that depot of curiosities to five chamber-maids, and three footmen on a holiday.

Being very liable to have your teeth set on edge, and hearing a person cutting a cork.

Having to cut open the leaves of a very popular book lent you only for a couple of hours, and perhaps for the sole purpose of saving the lender the trouble of opening them himself.

Taking a walk in the garden of a friend with whom you are engaged to dine, unexpectedly passing by the

kitchen, and seeing the cookmaid chewing the parsley previous to mixing it with the butter for the fowls which you are to have for dinner, by which natural process she saves herself the very unnecessary trouble of boiling and chopping it.

The following misery happened to a most worthy and respectable friend of mine, and I dare say has not been confined to him.

Going to the House of Commons at an early hour to hear an interesting debate, and being shut up in the gallery so long, that a member below just rising to address the Speaker, palpably discovers that na-

ture has triumphed over decorum above, and the Serjeant at Arms being sent up to discover the offender, betraying yourself by your blushes.

Loving to talk from your soul, and hearing another tell a very long story.

Being pinned up to a door round the neck by the horns of an enraged over-driven ox.

A false calf shifting in a dance.

LETTER VI.

Fen-Lodge.

DEAR WHIMBLE,

I FIND that my worthy brother in-law and his wife staid only two days in town, after which they proceeded to Brighton to spend the remainder of their blissful honeymoon.—I have, perhaps with the bitterness of an old grumbling batchelor, often regretted that marriage spoils so many of our fine young women, as ornamental members of society. Methinks I see a mark of arch amazement start upon your face. It is even thus: how often are all the accomplishments of an elegant young graceful creature, upon whom a costly education has been expended, suffocated in the baby-linen of her first child? after she once becomes a mother, the instru-

ment upon which she excelled, is seldom unlocked, and the pencil with which she so finely drew, is never more pressed between the fingers.

My worthy Sister will derive no injury from marriage, for her accomplishments were solely confined to pickling and preserving, which I think are not likely to be interrupted by the laughing blue eyes of any tender pledge of love: although the silly woman, and I cannot help telling it to you (for I have just been informed of it by old Sarah, who mentioned it with a sly smile) actually purchased a stock of baby linen just before her marriage. I send MORE MISERIES—add, prune or exterminate, as suits your fancy.

Ever yours,

F. MURMUR.

Jumping in sacks at a fair and in the midst of the diversion hearing that a mad bull is coming down the street,

An epicure in venison, being pressed by a party of twelve equally fond of it, to carve.

At table after dinner hearing one of your children's little, but loud impromptus upon the lame leg or other deformity of one of your visitors.

Being obliged to hear and applaud a vulgar impudent school-boy whilst he is repeating a speech from some play, at his mother's request.

Also to hear very young ladies raw from school play and sing and to see them dance figure dances, without grace or agility, the poor things being ready to burst into tears at every spring they make.

The following misery, somewhat long, actually occurred to two of my friends, and I dare say may have happened to others.

Going to a ball, becoming enamoured with your partner, procuring her name, and understanding that she was an only child, addressing the letter containing a tender display of your affections to Miss So-and-So, receiving a favourable reply, rushing to the

house, being introduced to an *elder* sister whom you had drawn for a partner in the course of the preceding evening without knowing her to be so, who feels no objection to your person, and who of course concluding from the superscription that the billet was intended for her was disposed to receive your offer most graciously, being thunderstruck at the mistake, and covered with confusion being obliged in the most horribly awkward manner to explain.

Walking with a wooden leg upon the Woburn sands.

Having your shin scraped by a large powerful man going down a dance with extraordinary agility and energy.

Being fumed with flattery to your face, by a miscreant, whom you have reasons to suspect, speaks ill of you behind your back.

Going to a house in the country, the people of which, see very little company, also being put into the best bed.

Overwhelmed with bashfulness, sitting down to a piano forte, to play for the first time at a private concert, the music book being only high

enough to conceal your chin from the company whose eyes are fixed upon you.

Three times pitching your voice too high, when you are asked to sing before a large party.

Invited to dine with a family in the city, with whom you have the reputation of being a great genius, you are pleased at seeing one of the guests take out his pocket book and pencil, and write as often as you speak, you push all your brilliant puns and quaint sayings, after a little time you observe with *timid modesty*, that you ought to be very correct and happy in your ob-

servations, as you find they are to be recorded, upon which you are told, that the gentleman you allude to, is a great fishmonger, and that he is merely writing down such thoughts as occurred on business, such as "twenty-two salmon by the smack Arabella, &c."

The first day of a boy going to a public school.

A girl at school whose feet have a strong natural inclination to turn towards each other, and who stoops prodigiously, undergoing the grace-creating operations of collars, back-boards, stocks, neck-swings, dumb-

bells, and all the new instruments of torture in Sheldrake's shop.

In the holidays being asked several classical questions by a dry learned old man, in the presence of your father and a large party.

A boy however naturally audacious with his playfellows, just come from school, and entering a room where there are six young ladies and no gentlemen present.

Carving a very fine hot ham at dinner, and lubricating your thumb, and third finger with the fat at every incision, not to mention the almost inse-

parability of the odour which in consequence perfumes those very serviceable members of the human body.

The horror of contriving how to adjust ones legs and arms at the age of nineteen in a drawing room.

Getting the Caledonian Cremona, when you are just upon the point of marriage.

Catching a violent ague in the first quartering of the honeymoon.

Meeting a young lady the first time after your intended match with her is broken off (love tolerably, but not

excessively deep) looking like two shy cats, each obliquely watching the other to see what degree of dejection the separation has produced.

In the country asking a man whether he will have port or white wine, having only port in the house, when he gives the preference to white—No inn nearer than three miles.

Listening to the criticisms and arguments of a learned lady.

In a party to which a few days before you had introduced a very learned, but reserved friend for whom you wished to secure their favourable

opinion, hearing a superficial elderly lady, who had the reputation of being profound, remark that she had examined him in philosophy, physic, and divinity, and could find nothing in him.

Sitting in a gloomy small room looking into a dark narrow passage, the pavement of which is repairing.

Going twelve miles to dinner, in doubtful weather, being anxiously tender for your horse, who has been bled the day before, upon your arrival finding your friend astonished that you had not received his note to postpone the pleasure, on account of two

of his children being in the small-pox, and one more sickening.

Going to a house where you expected to sleep, finding it full, pressed to stay 'till the moon gets up, which at the expected hour is for the first time during its quarter, obscured by clouds, and in attempting to get home by a short cut, learn of a cottager, whom you arouse from his sleep, that you have driven four miles out of your way.

Feeling a violent irritation in your head at a dinner party, and being afraid to apply even the nail of your little finger to the peccant part.

When you are relating a narrative, which you only know superficially, finding all your *little, and as you think, successful flights of fancy* detected by a cold, crabbed disciple of truth and chronology.

Going to town on purpose to receive your own dividend upon a sum which you understand is below the operation of the income tax, finding at the Bank a heavy deduction, and directed to make your appeal to the L---d knows who, and the L---d knows where.

Being seized with a sneezing fit in going down a dance with a very delicate fine lady.

Being a bad carver and notwithstanding every diffident effort to elude the office, finding the only chair vacant when you enter the dining room last, placed opposite to a tough hare.

Upon a water excursion, drinking out of the same tumbler, with another person, and immediately afterwards discovering that he has an *unpleasant lip*.

The weather looking very fine, volunteering to give up your inside place for the box, in a full coach, to a lady who is uncommonly anxious to proceed in the same vehicle, soon after clouds rolling upon clouds, and

a deluge pouring down upon you---the coachman having only one great coat, and gallantry forbidding you to resume your place within.

Losing the lash of your whip as you are dashingly driving in a curricle, for the first time, in a town where a fair is holding.

Reaching a town late at night, not knowing that the assizes are holding there, no bed, or room.

LETTER VII.

Fen-Lodge.

MY DEAR WHIMBLE,

I told you that Mr. and Mrs. Debit staid only two days in town: they contrived however to display their taste by going to see Mrs. Siddons in Lady Macbeth; accompanied by our gay young friend, Swinburne; and they also contrived to exhibit one of the most vexatiously ridiculous scenes, ever performed before or behind the curtain of any theatre: poor Debit is very deaf, (and to have married my sister, I should have thought that he had been blind too:) in the celebrated scene when that inimitable actress electrifies the souls of her hearers, by whispering "out damned spot," Debit not

knowing what she uttered, turned round to his wife, and loud enough to be heard in every part of the house, which was as silent as a tomb, exclaimed "my dear what does she say?" to which Dorothea replied, equally audibly, and forgetting where she was, "out damned spot, my dear"——Silly woman! had I been there, it would have put me into such a transport of irritability, that my nerves would have trembled for at least two months afterwards. Swinburne wrote to me yesterday, and told the whole story. All the people in the pit stood up, and every eye strained to see my rural sister and her cockney spouse; whilst bursts of "turn them out, throw them over!" resounded from the galleries.—I told you that they are now playing the fool at Brighton, and I shall dread to open every letter that comes from that quarter. Heavens grant the defect in Debit's auricular

organ may occasion no more such horrible consequences. I have been fretful ever since I heard of the affair, and should be ready to quarrel with myself if I had not found a little vent in sending you a few more effusions from the school of grief.

Yours ever,

F. MURMUR.

Miseries of a lady who being asked to dine with a very particular family on a rainy day, in consequence of not being able to get a coach, walks part of the way in boots, at length finds a coach, and upon taking off her boots to put on her shoes discovers that she

has dropped one out of her muff in the street.

Going early in the winter to a coffee house to read the papers in which you expect to meet with some very interesting matter, finding the fire not lighted, and the waiters just beginning to rub the tables, not a paper arrived.

Having made a newly-rolled gravel walk, finding some friends whom you had asked to dine with you, amusing themselves before dinner, by drawing each other in your child's chaise, which disastrously stood at the bottom of the garden, within sight, seeing the narrow wheels cut up the walk

most unmercifully, and being deterred by a false notion of politeness from giving them a hint to desist.

Being persuaded to put your finger into the cage of a parrot and to rub his pole, upon an assurance from its doating mistress, that it is the *most gentle bird in the universe*, suddenly feeling the sanguinary effects of its beak.

In walking down stairs in the dark, coming to a forcible stop in consequence of being deceived in your expectation of another step.

Going a bye way to a friend's house

on horseback, through a number of gates, and finding the last locked.

Sending a challenge to a man because you thought him a coward, who accepts it.

Introducing a country cousin to your table, when you have a party of fashionables, and when the finger glasses are brought in, sweating to the bone upon seeing him awkwardly imitate the rest by driving his fist into one, and breaking it to extricate his ponderous paw.

Knocking in the dog days, at the door of a house with a southern as-

pect, the sun in its meridian, and the servant in the back attic.

Buying a sixpenny bargain of a Jew who in exchange for a seven shilling piece, gives you a counterfeit dollar.

Four persons in a room, three of whom are doatingly fond of whist, and the fourth not knowing the game.

Your bad memory faintly flashing conviction upon your mind, that you have twice repeated one of your own jokes to the same person, at no great distance of time.

Soliciting an acquaintance to assist

you in a literary project, and being tormented by his diffident, *disqualifying* speeches.

In a very rainy day, volunteering to procure a hackney coach for a lady, and after an hour's search, seeing one just come upon a stand, which is engaged by somebody else, the moment you reach it.

Listening to a man who is always aiming at being eloquent, is very fond of metaphor, which he confounds in the following manner.

" As a mighty river, swelled by " mountain torrents, over-running its

" banks, *tramples* under foot every " intervening obstacle, and *fired* by " opposition *gathers new wings* from " every impediment; so oratory ap- " plied to our passions, fascinates our " faculties, sharpens our capacities, " and impels our judgments."

Upon quitting the presence of a great man in his grand salpon, boggling at a false door, and forcing him to rise to shew you the proper mode of your exit.

Quitting a person difficult of access without having mentioned the only subject upon which you sought your interview, all owing to a long and

profound dissertation on the weather, politics and family anecdotes.

In the body of an interesting narrative finding a reference to a dry long note at the bottom or to some matter contained in the appendix at the end.

Having fabricated a brilliant impromptu, which you felt confident would be called forth in the course of conversation, finding no opportunity of introducing it.

Writing a play with infinite pains, every line of which you think unrival- and upon beginning to read it to a confidential friend, being informed that

the same subject had been dramatized ten years ago.

At dinner introducing a small fish bone into your mouth, and finding after an irritable search in your breeches and waistcoat pockets that you have left your toothpick case behind.

Clerical misery—In preaching before the judges at the Assizes, finding a page of your sermon missing, by which you are left abruptly in the middle of a sentence which you thought the finest in your discourse, and plunging into the fractured part of another, which has no connection whatever with the subject of the last.

Half asleep, and languidly moving to bed, pulling your chamber door after you with an impetus, which you think will certainly shut it, and finding that the bolt of the lock has overshot itself; unavailingly fidgetting at the door, until you have lost all disposition to close your eyes.

A family in the country, much addicted to scandal, spending a *long day* with you.

Being in a great hurry, and attempting to blow out the candle with a long snuff, the same rekindling by the puff which was intended to have extinguished it.

In consequence of reading in the papers that the reservoir at Paddington would be emptied for the purpose of discovering a great quantity of hidden treasure, going thither with great inconvenience, and finding the whole to be false, being laughed at by crowds of people who were standing there and who had been deceived in the same manner—First of April.

Attending a school play.

In the absence of your servant, lighting your candle with a match, and unthinkingly holding your head over, and inhaling the burning brimstone.

Shivering with cold in a coach the windows being kept down in consequence of two fat women who occupy the extremities of one seat being faint and disposed to be sick.

The sensation of a school girl whilst she is *comfortably* picking a merry-thought with her teeth, being angrily told by her mother before a party to hold her head up.

Being sick at sea, and upon looking out of your wretched berth, seeing two or three passengers eating fat ham with a relish.

Sleeping upon the floor in the cabin

of a packet, a passenger above you suffering very much from the *maladie de mer* all night.

Making sweet eyes to a lady without being able to procure one interesting glance from her all the evening.

Hearing your friends observe of a portrait which did not do you justice, that it was a likeness, but if they might be permitted to say so, rather flattering.

Getting into a high coach upon a short iron step.

On a short voyage impatiently and peevishly asking the Captain of the packet every minute whether the wind is fair, and if not, when it will be so, and at what time he thinks he shall reach port, and having a surly discouraging answer to every query.

Waking from a sweet nap after supper, having two stories to ascend to your bedroom, and a pair of new boots and tight pair of pantaloons to take off.

LETTER VIII.

Fen-Lodge.

DEAR WHIMBLE,

I have just heard from Brighton, and as I told you, Dorothea has been again making herself conspicuous. She must needs display her beautiful form upon a "Jerusalem poney," as the sorry animal, viz. an ass, is called, who kicked and threw her, to the great amusement of the idle folks who were parading the Steyne: and only four days since, Debit nearly escaped drowning in his struggles to resist the humane exertions of a large Newfoundland dog, who rushed into the water after him, thinking that he was out of his depth.——Really the follies and freaks of this new married couple are more vexations to me than any of the miseries I have sent you.

Ever yours,

F. MURMUR.

Wishing to have an early breakfast, and the kettle refusing as if by fatality, to boil.

Having taken your place in the Bristol mail, being subpœned to attend the assizes the next day, waking at Coventry, having been put into a wrong coach.

A pimple itching so high between the shoulders, as to defy every attempt to relieve yourself.

A physician of delicate organs, called out of bed, to a rich, liberal, and irritable patient, stopped half an hour in a narrow street, by a night cart.

Awakened every half hour by the watchman crying the time, and finding your house robbed in the morning.

Walking in a dark night, without lamp or lanthorn, upon unequal ground.

Going into a party, with a cold in the head, having left your pocket handkerchief behind you.

Calling upon a couple of dear *domestic friends*, and never finding them at home.

Having worn your great coat, and carried a large umbrella for six days,

in consequence of the heavy appearance of the weather, without having any rain, going out without either, on the seventh, the morning being remarkably fine, and getting wet through.

Angling for the day, in a punt, with a companion who catches a fish every three minutes, without having *one bite* yourself.

Perspiringly entering a crowded drawing-room, struck with horror at perceiving as you steal an oblique complacent peep at yourself in the mirror over the chimney, a dingy, dirty line round your forehead, im-

pressed by the inside black leather of a new purchased hat.

Fond of being your own carpenter, attempting to take off a lock, the screws of which have rusted in their holes, and your screw driver perpetually slipping out of its bite.

Peevishly pulling up a window curtain, two pullies refusing to move, and three of the lines being twisted.

Seeing a little rascally bright-eyed mouse enter your chamber, which you have cursed through many a sleepless night, making sure of him, giving him a *nervous chase* all round the room,

in very hot weather, he nimbly eluding every stroke of the poker, and after having fidgetted yourself into a high perspiration, seeing him take French leave through a tiny unobserved cranny,

Asked to meet a great wit, and placed at a distance from him at table,

A great and distinguished character at table, asking you a plain simple question upon a subject, which you have written upon, struck stupid by a nervous awe and horror.

The miseries of a player who is no orator, being called upon for an apo-

logy for having kept the audience waiting.

A keen sportsman attending his second wife to the grave, and seeing the melancholy procession spring a brace of partridges as it enters the church yard.

At an inn going into a bed too short, with a wooden leg, which you were too fatigued to unstrap, drawing up the living one, going to sleep with the other sticking out at the bottom, which, when the chamber maid comes in for the candle, she conceives to be the handle of the warming pan, which she has carelessly left in the bed,

from which she pulls you half way in a transport of agony, before she is convinced of her mistake.

Saying a good thing without its hitting.

Sending one of your coach horses which has bad fetlocks, to the nearest farrier (a shrewd horse doctor) who pronounces his case to be the gutta serena, and immediately administers a drench, by copiously bleeding the hairy patient, and making him swallow his reeking blood, by which his life is endangered.

Awakened out of your first sleep,

nearly suffocated by the stench of a candle just expired in the socket.

Hearing the bells ring for the marriage of your rival.

A person of delicate health to avoid damp feet, takes a boat and after reflecting how nicely he shall escape a cold, discovers that he has been sitting some time in a small leak.

Being annoyed by the venders of bills of the play, in going to the theatre, having a party of fine ladies to attend to.

Being stopped in a street, by some

brewers lowering a barrel into a cellar, and thrown down by dirty ropes, in endeavouring to pass it.

Having relieved a distressed object, seeing him *wink* to a brother vagabond.

An elderly proud prelate, sitting upon a settee, thinking that it has a back, leans backward, and falls head over heels, rushing to relieve him, horribly grinding one of his hands with the heel of your *new shoe*.

A great fop, who was afraid of spoiling his shape by putting any thing into his pockets, in taking off his hat to salute a lady in a crowded

street, throwing out his knife, comb, tooth-pick, &c. &c. forgetting that he had placed them in the crown of it.

A lady sitting often in the depth of winter to a tedious and expensive artist, with her neck and arms bare, to shew her points of beauty, and after all, the painter only thinking it like.

Theatrical miseries---A tall fat man in dressing for Romeo, stuffing himself into a pair of tight small-clothes, made for a short thin person, and obliged to conceal the shortness of the waistband, by wearing an old fashioned waistcoat, with long flaps falling down almost to the knees.

Another----Two antique amateurs playing Lysimachus and Hephestion (young lovers) in the tragedy of Alexander, in greeting each other, their Brutus wigs come off with their helmets, and discover their hairless pates.

Trying to see a pimple on your shoulder until your head grows giddy.

LETTER IX.

Fen-Lodge.

DO not, my dear Whimble, mention the French to me again in a favourable manner. The only comfort I have is in reading all the papers and works that are published *against* them; and though I trust I have as much benevolence as my neighbours, I really hate them as I do the Devil and more too. Every victory they gain shakes my poor patriotic nervous frame, from its extremities to the centre. I have dismissed my grocer (an honest man too) because he spoke well of them to my groom the other day, and have substituted another, because I was told at the club of which he is a member, he positively declared that he

knew it to be a "*solemn fact*," that every Frenchman was made precisely the same as a monkey. From having been in France in my younger days, I knew that unless they were much altered since, this could not be the case, but the assertion proved the fellow to be so hearty in his hatred, that I cannot help admiring him amazingly, though I already find his tea has not so fine a flavour as that of his predecessor.

I heard yesterday from Dorothea who is still at Brighton, where she informs me she has received uncommon attention from a gentleman, who is there called "The Green Man," from every part of his dress being of that colour, and from his living upon *green* vegetables. I suspect that this eccentric personage must be a little wild, and will place her in some ridiculous situation or other, though she says she never met with a politer gentleman,

and that he is much handsomer and better bred than our town-clerk. She adds that Mr. Debit is very fond of him, for he seems so well acquainted with omnium and Stock Exchange matters.

I wish from my soul that this unaccountable couple would return home as soon as possible. Old Sarah hinted to me yesterday, that the sole reason which led her mistress to Brighton was on account of sea bathing being favourable to procreation. I had almost forgotten to say that I have sent MORE MISERIES.

Ever yours,

F. MURMUR

Knocking at the door of a house for half an hour, and then being told by a neighbour that the house has been empty for the last two months.

Raising a knocker freshly painted.

Riding to visit a friend at a considerable distance, whom you find set off at the same hour by a different rout to call upon you.

A thick short man waltzing with a very fat tall woman.

In a cold night putting your feet into a pan of hot water and drawing them instantly out upon finding it

scalding, then as suddenly pouring in such a quantity of cold water as to neutralize the whole process---all the servants gone to bed.

In a strange house drawing the curtains in a morning, and at one pull bringing the cornice upon your head.

Riding in a long coach very full, and being frequently tormented by having some small parcels taken out of the seat.

Moving to get rid of a tallow-chandler, and the tallow-chandler immediately after taking a house opposite to you upon a *long lease*.

A vain woman discovering the first blush of a large pimple upon her nose.

Tormented for a week with a severe tooth ache, going to a dentist who draws a sound tooth next to the decayed one.

A false tooth dropping out a card table.

In gently elevating the candlestick to raise the expiring candle by a sudden jerk throwing the whole in a fluid state *upon the sleeve of your coat.*

Singeing your hair with your curling irons---Ditto your fingers.

A man writing letters to his wife and mistress and misdirecting them.

Being nervous and cross examined by Mr. Garrow.

In trying to recover your cocked hat as you enter the pit of the opera losing your party.

Discovering in a large party your name at full length in chemical durable ink upon the corner of your neckcloth.

Your servant out of the way, running down into the butler's pantry a house where you are intimate, and taking up the blacking for the cloath's

brush, and smearing your coat from the collar to the cuff,

Hurrying to a party, and finding you have tied your neckcloth too tight,

Sitting down alone in a large party upon a sofa which makes an *equivocal noise*.

Being obliged to shave with cold water in the month of January.

Playing on a piano-forte, miserably out of tune.

Your memory failing in the middle of a song, which after two or three

abortive attempts to get on with, you are obliged to acknowledge is impossible.

Being requested to read a novel, to a party of ladies, of the style of which the following extract will serve as a specimen.

" Touched by that *indefeasible* and " durable impulse by which good and " great minds are *gravitated* towards " each other, the Marchioness of V. " and the Chevalier U. arose just at " the same moment, when the high " poised songster, with his downy " plumage, was *winnowing the paly* " *æther*, and whilst the hazy down *still*

" *mantled* the mountanous heights—
" At that hour *fermentive fancy* an-
" ticipates an *endless plenitude* of rap-
" ture. The roseate blushes of the
" Marchioness *kindled* the dew-bathed
" aromatic vegetation into *lustrous*
" animation," &c. &c.

Losing your voice by a cold, being fond of disputation, and hearing an argument at table, in which you think you could take a shining part, whispering loudly, squeaking and sputtering, without being intelligible.

Seeing a stupid fellow, half drunk, drawing figures with the wine he has spilt upon your table, which your ser-

vants have long laboured upon, to bestow upon it a *mirror polish*.

At a party before dinner, hearing the weather discussed in all its tenses, past, present and future.

Receiving a visit from a fashionable, with whom you have become acquainted at a watering place, at your lodgings in a court, in rather an ignoble part of the town, who convinces you by a half suppressed surprize of the latent determination of his heart, to cut you in future.

Hearing that a woman who had lived with you as a maid servant, to

whom you had ever acted with the spotless purity of Joseph, had sworn a spurious child to you.

Carrying a sixpenny damson tart full of juice, in your hand, wrapped up in a thin piece of whited-brown paper, and carelessly thrusting your finger through the bottom of the crust.

Having been promised a present by a friend, which he *never sent*, discovering from some indirect remarks of his, that he thinks *he has*.

Landing in England far from your friends after a continental tour, short of cash, longing for wine and fruit

after dinner, and not daring to venture on either.

A man pressed to publish by his friends for the first time, reading his work unmercifully lashed by the reviewers.

The pantomime stratagems used on the Continent by Englishmen ignorant of the language of the country through which they are travelling; for instance ---Losing your way in the streets of Calais, not knowing a word of the French language, remembering that your hotel is at the Silver Lion, being obliged to put a shilling in your mouth, and set yourself in the atti-

tude of a lion rampant, before you can make any one understand, and then with infinite difficulty, what it is you mean.

No post day in the country.

Engaging the attention of a large party to witness the performance of a trick upon the cards, and failing in the attempt.

LETTER X.

Fen-Lodge.

I have been tormented to death, my dear Whimble, since I wrote to you, by the agitations of old Sarah, who was subpœned to attend our quarter sessions, to prove that an old friend of her's, an itinerant fidler, who was tried for having uttered seditious expressions, was occasionally disordered in his intellects. She has just returned in triumph, with a blue favour, having saved her friend, by proving that his *head* was frequently as *cracked* as his *fiddle*. Whilst under cross examination, William, my groom, who attended her, said that she made a lucky hit, which put the court into a roar: whilst Mr. Jekyll the witty Barrister,

and as you know a *little man* in point of figure, who was concerned for the prosecution, was pressing her very sharply, the counsel for the prisoner, rose up, and requested her not to be alarmed at his learned brother, to which old Sarah, thus cheered up, took courage, and dropping a curtesy, replied, "Sir, it is not a *little thing* that can alarm me." I have often heard the old woman make dry observations, but did not know that she had any thing like wit in her composition before.—Adieu, I have scribbled out a few more miseries.

F. MURMUR.

Interrupted in an interesting conversation by the thrilling notes of a very musical canary bird in the room.

Telling the company *ironically*, upon being pressed to sing, that they are to expect a *melancholy ditty*, meaning to surprise them, as you advance in the song, having the mortification to find that no one smiles, and upon the conclusion, overhearing some one observe, that it was certainly *melancholy, but not so deep as he expected.*

Snuffing out the candle for a lady, who is in the middle of a difficult sonata of Viotti---only one candle.

Getting upon a high stool or table to reach down a folio, and bringing down a cloud of dusty pamphlets on your head.

Going over a leap before your horse with the bridle in your hand, and finding from the obstinacy of the animal that he will inevitably pull you back again.

Turning your horse over a leap, letting him loose, and after running over four or five newly ploughed fields, catching him, and being so out of breath, that you are not able to mount, at this critical moment seeing the hounds running in view.

A man being very fond of pantomimes, going three times to see a celebrated flying leap that is over *instantaneously*, and every time whilst

the trick is performing, somebody always jogging him at the precise moment, so that he is always prevented from seeing it.

An amateur of executions, attending from a very early hour to contemplate his *favourite diversion*, the victim of which was to be some distinguished malefactor, and finding that the miserable wretch is reprieved as he mounts the scaffold.

Letting a new stick fall down the area of an empty house into which there is no possible entrance.

Coming from a distant part of the

country to London to see a grand procession, and overwhelmed with fatigue sleeping in the bed room of your inn and when you are awakened being told that it has passed some time.

Slapping the back of a supposed acquaintance in the street, who turns round and discovers a face perfectly unknown to you.

Two men with umbrellas in a narrow passage in a high wind.

Being fond of summer cabbage, chopping it up with great care and mixing in due proportions, vinegar, pepper, and melted butter, eating a

great portion thereof, and then discovering in the remnant three or four large green caterpillars.

Borrowing a favourite horse, and returning it to the lender with broken knees.

Ditto, the feelings of the owner.

Nailing a deal box in a hurry, and by a violent stroke driving the nail so far that it splits the top in two---coach going off,

Making your thumb and fingers sore with pulling up the heel of a new pair of tight shoes.

Upon being introduced for the first time, in a large party, catching your toe in the carpet at the door, and consequently bolting into the room, as if you were intoxicated.

Riding a restive horse much given to hold his head very high, right in the wind's eye, a deaf companion talking to you, wind blowing sharp, hat rather large.

A young man much addicted to snuff, in a smart party, suddenly starting from his chair to take an empty cup from a lady, and dropping the *attenuated secretion* of his nose upon her beautiful white muslin gown.

Cutting your nail to the quick.

A man whom you have only seen twice, and know nothing of, who perspires very much in the head, borrowing your pocket comb.

The hanging committee of the exhibition, or committee of arrangement, placing an irritable artist's favourite production in a *wrong light*.

After having related to a company, a piece of intelligence which you thought was only known to yourself, finding that they had been talking about it half an hour previous to your entrance, though they were too

polite to interrupt you in the relation of it.

Obliged out of politeness, to caress a favourite lap dog, which has sore eyes and bad breath.

Losing your shoe in the midst of a chase.

Putting a blister plaster by mistake to your broken shin.

At billiards, missing the cue when you had the game in your hands.

Going into the country to a friend, and finding the great wash going on,

and lines crossing the shrubberies, covered with chemises, sheets, stockings, &c.

A *nervous* man calling upon a surgeon and being shown into his *anatomical museum.*

Riding a horse in a hilly country in a hot day, and being obliged to get off every ten minutes to put the saddle backwards.

Travelling in a very mountainous country, with a horse so weak, that you lead him up the hills for fear of *killing him*, and down for fear of his *killing you.*

Extinguishing the candle at a friend's house, feeling your way to the bed, passing the bed post with both hands, and striking your nose against it.

Turning a corner, being smothered by a *gritty cloud* following the first lusty strokes bestowed upon a filthy carpet.

Losing all the gold out of a hole in your waistcoat pocket, and finding the aperture when you put your hand in, stopped up by a half crown.

Not being able to relieve a lady from her empty cup, by reason of

having a *hot full cup* in your hand, which you are afraid of spilling.

Ascertaining after a week's unremitting agony, that you must have your tooth out.

Going by the Gravesend boat—Newspaper wrong in the tide, by two hours.

Washing your face in the *winter*, chamber-maid having forgotten to put a towel in your room, bell injured and the lock of the door overshot.

Stepping from the foot path, into the road, the same appearing durable,

but proving to be villainous undried mud.

Rising up too suddenly under a large chimney piece, after having carefully brushed the hearth.

Paying at the theatre in a hurry and being called back to change a bad shilling.

LETTER XI.

Fen-Lodge.

A ridiculous circumstance occurred in our Town, the other day, my dear Whimble: a celebrated Philosopher applied to our Mayor, for permission to use the Ball Room in the Guildhall to deliver a course of experimental lectures on Natural Philosophy, to which the sapient Magistrate with great dignity replied, that he would on no account, lend the room to any of *them* mathematical vagabonds, to have it filled with a parcel of *gim-cracks* and *rattle-traps*, alluding to the philosophical apparatus of the learned applicant.

Dorothea in her last letter, says that she is promised a sight of the Prince's stables,

which I am told do infinite honour to the genius and taste of the Architect Mr. Porden, She made me smile by telling me with her accustomed credulity, that each horse has a Persian carpet to stand upon during the day, and a large mirror to see himself in, fastened over the crib. I suppose this is the silly prevailing notion. If she had been told that the horses wore pattens, when they were aired in dirty weather, to prevent them from catching cold, I dare say she would believe it. She has cut the *emerald Gentleman* I find, on account of his eccentricities. A thousand thanks for Knight's enquiry into the Principles of Taste, it is an admirable production. Voila MORE MISERIES.

Ever yours,

F. MURMUR.

Bursting your black silk breeches as you are playing at forfeits, and kneeling to a lady to call them.

Not being sufficiently agile, or learned in the law of projectiles, to avoid having your hat knocked into the gutter by a sugar loaf being tossed from a cart into a grocer's shop across the pavement.

At supper being placed at a separate table from the girl of your heart, trying to catch a glance, but always baffled by a provokingly intervening turban or cloud of feathers.

Relating a disgraceful story of a

man, his friend sitting immediately opposite to you.

Knocking upon some earnest occasion at a door with a small muffled knocker.—No bell.

The miseries of a very large lady upon being told that she has got very fat, after she had supposed herself much reduced in size, in consequence of having *screwed* herself into a pair of Mrs. Bailey's stays.

Receiving eleven pence in half-pence in change at a penny turnpike, every one of which is refused at the next turnpike, a penny one also.

Going into a china shop to lay out a few shillings, and overturning a complete set of very elegant china.

A subscription at church, not a shilling in your pocket, a crowded pew.

In a fruit shop in London, ignorantly eating strawberries at one shilling a-piece.

Going into church when the service is half over, and being unable to open the pew door.

Endeavouring to laugh with your companions at an accident which still gives you excruciating pain.

Being followed by your terrier into a drawing room and before you can stop him, seeing him kill the tortoiseshell cat belonging to the lady of the house, who notwithstanding every explanation persists in thinking that you brought the dog for that express purpose.

Being tempted to bathe in a romantic secluded spot on the sea-coast, finding on your return that the tide has come in faster than you have expected, and has irrevocably washed away all your cloaths.

Pointing out at a dance to your beautiful partner, the ludicrous vul-

garity of a man, whom she blushingly informs you, is her brother.

Being seized with a bleeding of the nose, just as you have seated yourself by the charming girl, whom you have been waiting with the utmost anxiety to speak to.

Making sure in your afternoon's nap of a large prize in the lottery and being rouzed from your reverie, by your servant delivering to you, a filthy, ragged, petition for charity.

Walking in clean leathers down Ludgate Hill, meeting a flock of sheep, which have been driven twenty

miles in a muddy road, one of which being pursued by the sheep dog, runs between your legs.

The top of your tea-pot suddenly slipping off while you are cautiously dribbling its scanty contents into your cup.

Springing up in a pew in the midst of the Litany in a fit of the cramp.

In looking over Blackfriars Bridge at a boat, dropping your hat.

After being entreated by a large party to play and sing, complying with their request, and soon after

being scarcely able to hear your own voice for the noisy prattle of the whole circle.

Taking charge of a very small parcel, which your friend would entrust to no other person; perpetually and nervously fumbling in your pocket to see whether it is there, and unconsciously drawing it out, leaving it in the last chaise, and discovering the loss after a sound nap.

Being told that a worthless old woman, from whom you expect a comfortable independence, is rapidly recovering from a violent and *very promising attack* of the asthma.

Being told by a friend that a review, the name of which he has forgotten, contains a handsome critique upon a book, which you have written, going into a bookseller's shop, and taking up a review in which you find yourself *savagely dissected.*

Walking hard in a hot day meeting a *ceremonious friend* and not being able to get off your glove when he takes his off.

After inveighing against red noses, discovering that the lady who sits next to you has a very rubicund one.

Sitting on a chair which a servant

has fractured and put together the preceding morning, and upon attempting to lean back, falling to the ground before a large party. A country servant bursting into a roar of laughter.

Whirling the cork off your float as you swing it into the water, and seeing it quietly sink with the bait to the bottom.

Ditto catching your line in a tree.

Ingracefully erecting yourself at a dance, bursting your braces, and your shirt appearing between your waistcoat and breeches.

On a journey, both straps of your gaiters bursting, in bad weather. No boots.

Talking loudly with a lady in a gig to prevent her noticing the unpleasant effects from the horse having eaten beans.

Hot day---dusty road---long walk---tender feet---new shoes.

LETTER XII.

Fen-Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Debit are just returned to town: do my dear Whimble call upon them, modernize them, and put them a little in the right way of things, otherwise I shall dread looking into the Morning Post.

Mrs. Debit informs me, that she was taken by our cousin, old Lady Betty Worms, to a *botanical* lecture, at the Institute in Albemarle Street, I send you an extract from her letter. "I never attended any thing so "vile and abominable in all my life.——I had "no idea that there was so much wickedness "going on in the world, will you believe it "brother? the flowers make love worse than

"we do, I blush whilst I write, and nothing "can exceed the filthy and abominable dis- "position of the grass, that grass we always "thought so innocent and wholesome, yes, "the grass is more amorous, as well as I "could learn from the Lecturer, than the "goats; not that I know any thing about the "filthy animal, only I remember that Tho- "mas said one day when I was riding be- "hind him, and saw a pair of them, that "they are not virtuously given.

"This lecture is always crouded. Every "seat was crammed to the very top—there "were only five Gentlemen present, and "such was the silence, that you might have "heard any of the flowers which the Lec- "turer held in his hand drop. If I could "have got out before it was over, I certainly "would, but as I was there, I thought I "might as well stay, and not make a bustle,

"I am sorry I took Eliza with me, she "kept giggling all the time, although I spoke "to her frequently. She is grown a fine "young woman. I wonder the Society for "the Suppression of Vice, does not inform "against all botanical lectures: if these abo- "minations are suffered, brother! it is no "wonder that the French are permitted to "beat the Germans." So much for the prudish mind and just judgments of my poor addle-headed sister. I have a curious fracas which happened in our village, to tell you in my next.——I accompany More Miseries with a brace of Partridges.

Ever yours,

F. MURMUR.

Losing a considerable sum at vingt-

an expecting to repair your loss by your deal, and being put out the first round.

In shuffling, a split card always acting as a case to its neighbouring card, to the infinite interruption of the shuffle.

Being only five feet, four inches, going to see a new play every part of the house crammed, standing upon the tips of your toes, and only getting partial peeps at the stage through the misty glass in the door of a lower box, as a large pomatumed head lolls on one side, and not being able to hear one word.

Sitting down to play a rubber of whist, only one pack, and that short of its complement by three cards.

One of the aces so terribly soiled that every one can tell who has it.

Travelling in ill health in bad weather, arriving at the inn and expecting to be refreshed by a comfortable dinner being informed that they have nothing in the house, but that they have just killed a pig.

Crossing an iron railway.

After having carefully finished the outline of a drawing discovering in the

first application of the brush that you have been using blotting paper in disguise.

Looking at an eclipse till you get a crick in the neck.

Coming home late at night to chambers from a ball, finding your servant has absconded, and all the lamps on the staircases out.

Discovering upon entering a drawing room by the disagreeable expression on the countenance of the party, that you have not been sufficiently careful either in walking, or wiping your shoes.

Having caught a large perch pricking your hands with the dorsal fin in attempting to disengage him from the hook, the fish ultimately escaping.

At the moment you are going to give check mate you awkwardly overturn the board.—To add to your mortification you lose the next game.

Turning your drawers inside out looking for a waistcoat, which you at length discover you have had on for the last half hour.

Being obliged to kiss a remarkably plain woman at forfeits, when you engaged in the pastime only with the

hope of being enabled to salute a lovely young lady to whom you are particularly attached.

Having a suspicion that your neighbours have purloined your turnips, hanging your horse at the gate, while you ascertain the truth of your conjectures, and upon your return finding that your horse has been made away with in your absence.

A long charity sermon.

Hearing a very interesting new publication read to you, and being obliged to wait for some time for a sheet to be cut open.

Going to spend a few days with a quizzical family in the country, before your return, writing an account of their eccentricities to your friend in London, and recollecting when you return that you have left the copy of the letter upon your dressing table.

Being addressed by a man who is in the habits of putting his face close to that of the person to whom he speaks and discharging a small *spray of saliva*, when he speaks.

During a general election constantly finding your newspaper filled with the effusions of electioneering gratitude, beginning with "To the inde-

pendent electors, &c. Gentlemen, you have a third time elected me," &c. " By the noble exercise of your suffrages, I am returned to serve," &c. " For the distinguished honour you have conferred upon me, I return," &c. " I thank you for the great trust you have this day confided to me---I shall make no professions. &c.

Female misery---near sighted, bobbing at a small needle to thread it, till you lose your temper, and at last finding its eye broken.

Ditto going down a dance, and finding one of your garters every moment threatening to quit its post. N. B. said

garters being Nelsonian, and having the following fashionable and highly delicate motto on them, "England expects every man to do his duty."

Dropping a new silk umbrella in the mud.

Keeping an impertinent servant, who has been long accustomed to your habits, from an apprehension that you may change for the worse.

An interrupted sneeze.

Upon entering a drawing-room, observing a coloured thread of worsted, left in your cravat, which your

washer-woman had placed there as a mark to know your linen from another person's.

Peevishly speaking, unkindly of the girl whom you love to distraction on account of some little slight she has offered you, and finding that the person you speak to fully agrees with you on the subject.

Having had a snug nap during family prayers, getting up in confusion, a minute or two after the rest have risen.

An urn, the cock of which you cannot turn, after you have set it running.

In the country, a fine favourite greyhound of your friend, accustomed to jump in and out of a *ground floor* window, following you to pay a morning visit to a friend, who lodges in a *first floor* in the adjoining house, a child in the room, opening the window, and the dog jumping out into the street.

Dining with a *very comical* and irritable old lady, from whom you have some expectations, and in telling a good story, breaking the back of a neat drawing room chair, b an *energetic movement* of the body

Mistaking the sex of a great chubby faced female child, when its doating,

squeamish mother, first presents it to you.

In a hurry to send off a letter, dipping your finger into the ink, instead of the wafer stand.

At a great public crouded dinner, being placed over the grating through which several concealed charcoal fires send up their heat to warm the room.

Going out to India, quitting the inn at Portsmouth in great haste, in consequence of the wind suddenly becoming fair, and when on board and under weigh, finding that you have left all the keys of your trunks behind.

Having composed and learned a well turned speech by heart, in case your health should be drank at a public dinner, finding all the powers of your memory melt away, the moment you rise to return thanks to the assembly.

Also having made this eloquent preparation, no one proposing your health.

Having with infinite trouble, and some personal risk secured a good place in the gallery of the house of commons, an interesting debate being expected, soon after it has commenced hearing the speaker exclaim "strangers are ordered to withdraw."

Travelling—arriving at an inn to a late dinner, fond of *pork chops*, ordering some, when served up, finding them half done, and upon making a remonstrance learning that the cook had just put coals upon the fire.

A dashing young lady just come to town, for the first time, fresh from the country, to spend a fortnight, so bitten in the face by bugs, that she was not able to appear in company the whole time.

In the stage box with a very genteel party, an old but humble country friend nodding to and incessantly looking at you from the pit.

Reading a merry story, and no one laughing but yourself.

Having precisely the same figures in your lottery ticket, as that which gained the great prize, but differently transposed.

In cold weather, party large, getting a snug place by the fire-side, and soon after feeling the wind (a sharp north-easter) cutting round your neck from the upper part of the window not shutting close, and curtains disordered.

Entertaining doubts of the freshness of an oyster which you have just swallowed.

Invited to a great public charity dinner, being told by your friend, one of the vice presidents for the first time, as the stewards are going round, to collect subscriptions that a donation of half a guinea is quite sufficient, and upon steward coming to you, putting said half guinea in the plate, observing him stop and hearing him say (the gentlemen near you all attention) "Sir, I am sorry to make observations, but" and covered with blushes and confusion, to find that you have given too little; after fumbling in your pocket for five minutes, during which you throw out your knife, a key, and a small tooth comb, finding a one pound note, giving same,

taking back the half guinea, and wishing the steward and the charity at the devil.

The sensations of a commoner and lady suddenly raised to a peerage, upon hearing each other pertinaceously addressed as Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So, before a large party and an embarrassing apology following every time the blunder is repeated.

Being much fatigued on your arrival at the house of a friend in the country, and being pressed by his lady, with whom you are not very intimate, to walk out and see the country before dinner, she prefacing the

invitation, by informing you that she is an excellent walker, and that a walk of four or five miles every morning does her a deal of good.

Having received an account of the violent indisposition of a near old crabbed relation, from whom you have great expectations, going down to him with all possible speed, finding him in excellent health, and obliged to stay with him some time to prevent his suspecting the object of the visit.

Thoughtlessly taking a piece of burning hot pudding into your mouth, and keeping it there till your eyes water, a lady addressing you at the

same time from the opposite side of the table.

Attempting gracefully to hand a plate to a lady which is almost red hot, from the plate warmer.

The sensations of a prudish tabby, who at an inn having undressed herself, upon stepping into bed discovers it previously occupied by a vulgar countryman, wide awake,

At a coffee-house overhearing yourself unmercifully ridiculed in the next box for a work in which you had exerted your best powers, and upon the party passing you to quit the room,

discovering them to be distant acquaintances, who had fumed you with praise to your face.

Wishing to make yourself agreeable, playing and singing to a lady all night, and being afterwards told that she has neither ear nor passion for music.

Dancing on an inlaid floor highly polished with bees-wax.

Being too late by half an hour, in your application for a vacant living.

Attending a party of ignoramuses who think you a great connoisseur, to a picture gallery, begging them to

admire that exquisite Guido, and being told by the proprietor that it is a Rembrandt,

Giving fifty pounds for one of the three Queen Anne's farthings, and afterwards meeting with half a dozen antiquarians who have one each.

Speculating in the funds in expectation of a peace, and hearing that your ambassadors have demanded their passports.

Being obliged to sit out the squalling of a silly great tasteless school girl, the mother of whom thinks she sings to admiration,

Stepping with grace, and incautiously treading upon a cat's tail.

An officious person always telling you in the name of friendship of every little idle gossiping story which he hears to your disadvantage.

Constantly interrupted in your disposition to sleep all night in the mail, by the unceasing interrogation of a garrulous old lady.

Having weak nerves, and hearing that a tinman has taken the next house to yours.

Sending your servant four miles to

borrow a book which you are very anxious to read, and after waiting at home nearly all the morning for it, seeing him return without it.

After having been nonsuited looking over the items of your own and defendant's bills of costs, which you have to pay.

Being reminded every now and then by an old friend of a part of your history, which you would wish to forget.

In snuffing the candle catching the wick too low, and pulling the candle from the socket.

Dropping fast asleep at a crowded botanical lecture, and suddenly springing up from the effect of a frightful dream, and finding a constellation of eyes fixed upon you.

A man wearing powder, taking away by mistake your opera hat, you wearing no powder.

Being a fag to a tyrannical boy, forced to get out of window at night, to procure wine from the inn for him, and discovered and flogged for it.

Being asked if you heard Catalani.

After marching all day in the rain,

and being obliged to wait till the next day for the arrival of the baggage waggon, before you can change your cloaths.

Having your umbrella turned up in a whirlwind.

Going in half boots to a party, and finding every one in shoes.

Having only port wine in the house to offer to a man who drinks only white.

Passionately fond of the fashions, and being obliged from prudential reasons to dress very plain to please

an avaricious old uncle, with whom you come in contact generally four times a week,

Over persuaded to join a hunting party for the first time, put upon a fine hunter, and terrified to death during the whole of the chase, at the same time affecting to be quite unconcerned, to prevent being laughed at by the rest of the party.

After kneeling, getting up at church before your time.

After sitting long silent by a lady, not knowing what to say, at last, just as you have manufactured a sentiment,

and having made the first hem to utter it, hearing yourself anticipated by a person from the opposite side of the room.

Hearing the best verses you ever made in your life, badly read.

Cold day, getting a chair by the fire at dinner, politely offering it to a gentleman, who has a violent cold, and having it accepted.

To be obliged frequently to meet in company a man, who opposes every remark for the purpose of starting an argument, in which he is always more vociferous than convincing.

A first interview between a shy and reserved man, and one rather more shy and reserved.

Walking in great haste in a hot day, and feeling two or three angular atoms of gravel in your tight boot.

Being addressed by a man who is very fond of quotation.

Asking a friend whose digestion is very delicate, to breakfast, rolls doughy, no others being to be had.

After a shower, sinking up to your ankles in mould, to gather a rose at the request of a favourite lady.

At a pantomime, when the entry of devils is announced by a discordant crash of the instruments, being told by a man near you, that he thinks the *orchestra not quite in tune.*

Being obliged to attend to a puppy, who has an astonishing flow of *words* without any *ideas.*

Riding to a ball in a new chocolate coloured coat, in which you mean to figure away, upon a grey horse.

School misery---hearing the arrangements for a pleasant excursion to-morrow, when you are going to school to-night.

Seeing old actors perform young parts.

Seeing your dirty dog put his fore-paws upon a crabbed lady's white muslin gown.

Cutting bread and butter with a knife, the handle of which has been touched by some one, whose fingers have come in contact with honey.

Treading upon a cherry-stone in the street—day dirty---shoes slippery.

P. S. *My dear Whimble, I feel I have a fit of the gout coming on, and I can copy no more Miseries for you at present---Adieu.*

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